

Poetry and *Plein Air*

By GrettaJean



Yosemite Trail

OH!

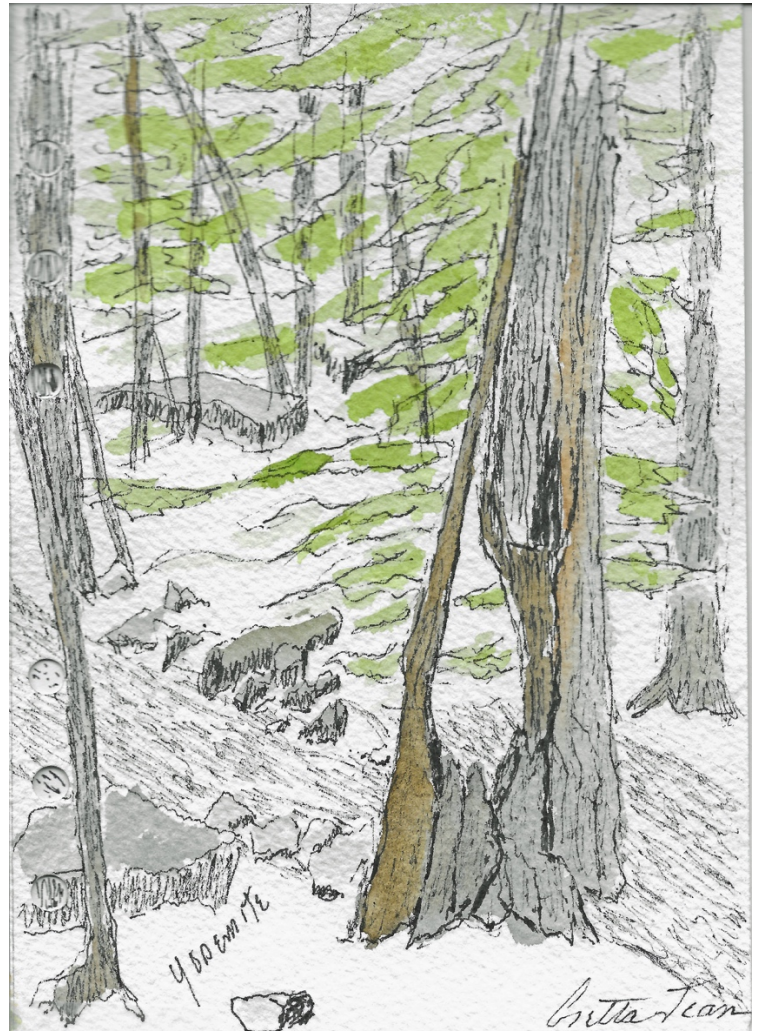
There you are,
Coming my way.
Up for the river
I feel like prey.

Your ears a bit scruffy
Your eyes may be gray,
My heart skips a beat
And it's running away.

I try to move slowly,
Just as they say,
We now share a path.
Wait, you're trotting away!

WHEW!

Good Day, Mr. Bobcat.



Quick Ink Sketch